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CENTS

AUGUST

# The RING



PETE  
SANSTOL

Leading Contender  
For Bantam Crown

IN THIS ISSUE

THE RING'S MOST  
VALUABLE BOXER  
AWARD



# The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X

AUGUST, 1931

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## In Our Next Issue

An analytical discussion of the Stribling-Schmeling fight by Nat Fleischer, who covered both training camps and viewed the heavy-weight championship bout from the press box at Cleveland. In addition, there will be several pages of action pictures of this international contest.

"The Knockout Blow," described by those who have received the punch soporific, is the subject of an interesting article by Wilbur Wood.

This is the age of fistic giants. Charley Freeman, the Yankee Goliath, the American circus athlete was the first of his type to gain the pugilistic limelight. Read the story of his short but thrilling career in the final installment of Ike Dorgan's series on "Mastodons of Maul."

These in addition to the usual high class fiction by America's foremost boxing fiction writer, Daniel M. Daniel; wrestling features by Jack Curley and contributions by A. D. Phillips, Charles F. Mathison, Frank Graham and many others equally as well known.

**The Ring** is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.  
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# PETE SANSTOL

By E. W. FERGUSON

(Sports Editor, Montreal Herald)



*Ma Sanstol, proud of her champion*

**T**HE fighting champions! What the fight fan would give to see a few, labelled as such, sporting their wares before the public!

The day of the fighting champion, like the day of the million-dollar boxing gate, is a thing of the past, but we should not live without hopes. What happened in the past can and probably will happen again, and as prosperity in boxing runs in cycles, I think it is just a question of time before we again will have the prosperous days.

But prosperity will return only when we have a return of the old style, willing fighter—the champion who fears no one and who is willing to risk his crown against all comers. The lack of patronage in boxing may be traced to many causes, principally to the general international depression, but I think one of the biggest causes is the failure of champions to live up to expectations. Too much stalling, too much ducking, too much picking of soft opponents—these are responsible for many of the present-day ills of the sport.

Canada has suffered the same as have other countries, but almost overnight, there has come to the front in the Dominion a fighter whose great work has instilled new life into boxing and has brought temporary prosperity to promoters who were ready to throw up the sponge because of lack of patronage. Pete Sanstol, Norway's fly and bantam king, now a resident of Canada, is doing for the sport here what Tony Canzoneri, Jackie Kid Berg, Fidel La Barba and Tommy Loughran are doing in the States.

To this lad, the blonde-haired Norwegian who whipped Archie Bell and was crowned by the Athletic Commission of Montreal, "world bantam champion," belongs much of the credit for the rise boxing is taking in the Dominion. Whether Sanstol is officially recognized by the National Boxing Association when it next meets, is unknown at present, but the fact remains that the N.B.A. king, Al Brown, has repeatedly refused to meet Sanstol and the Montreal Commission acted only after Brown had evaded the issue.

Pete is a great little scrapper, and regardless of whether he is recognized at the next sitting of the N. B. A. he certainly must be reckoned with.

**I**N Sanstol the Canadians know that they have a champion who will fight. He is ready to settle the matter of supremacy in the bantam class with Al Brown or any other bantamweight of note, but Brown apparently will have none of him. The Panama Negro prefers to remain in Europe to pick his marks rather than take a chance against Canada's recognized leaders.

Sanstol won the title conferred on him by the Montreal Board when his flying fists battered out a clean-cut win over Bell, the clever, stabbing New Yorker. Pete had been given sixty days in which to defend his title against the first challenger, but he didn't wait that long, for a week later, even before a deep gash alongside his right eye had healed, Pete signed up to fight Arthur Giroux of Montreal, who in the same week had won the Canadian bantamweight title by knocking out Joe Villeneuve, the Quebec holder.

Now, it seems to me that here's a throw-back to those real old-time champions who growled the battle-cry of defiance "Let 'em all come!" and who fought for sheer love of combat, rather than for the insignificant money involved. Shades of such really great fighters as the tornado McGovern, the tearing, mighty Sullivan, the dynamic Ketchell, the bouncing Sharkey and the brilliant Corbett are revived in this midget Norwegian. In fighting action those blue eyes turn an icy, bitter blue and the smiling, babyish mouth, becomes grim and drawn.

\* \* \*

**S**ANSTOL has that indefinable thing known as "color". Dempsey had it in overflowing measure. All really good fighters have had it.

Sanstol is not only a fighter, but an artist. He can manipulate a brush on canvas as skillfully as he can toss a left-hook, a right-cross or a zooming drive to the body.

Pete, the Blond Blizzard of Norway, is the modern Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the prize ring for his abilities as an artist and a fighter are not the sole accomplishments of this talented, two-fisted little scrapper. No sir, Pete is also an accomplished violinist, a fancy skater, skier and linguist with four different languages—Norwegian, German, French and English at his command.

Equally at home with the proletariat as he is with the millionaire—the bounding blond has the ability to mingle with every class of individual. Modest and unassuming in his tastes, he can wear evening clothes with the same sense of fitness and easy grace as training clothes while in the gym. Although he has taken up one of the toughest professions known to the Twentieth Century athlete, he has no marks to show as a result.

As the Vikings of old, Pete Sanstol sailed from the sea-girt, rock-bound shores of Norway westward in quest of adventure, fame and fortune, which are presumed to lie at the foot of that everbeckoning rainbow—the unexplored, the unknown ahead. Like the grim Norsemen of that robust era, he left his native land with more than a local reputation in his chosen field of endeavor—pugilism.

That was three years ago. He was only a kid at the time—in fact, he is not much more than that to-day—but the spirit of combat was coursing through his veins and the lure of adventure seethed and burned within him. His remarkable successes throughout the rings of Europe had killed what competition there was for him over there. A new and larger field had to be found.

The new world beckoned. America lay ahead.

America with its cities of teeming millions where, it was rumored, the streets were paved with gold. America where

# "The Blond Dynamo"

*Norwegian Star, Hailed by Montreal Boxing Commission as "World Bantam King," as Clever with the Brush and Languages as with the Mitts*

prize fighting was an industry of heroic proportions and treated with all the seriousness of Peace Conference buffoonery.

\* \* \*

PETE was ripe for a change. As a kid he had played about the streets of Moi, the small coast town in Norway where he was born, fished in the ocean for a delectable sardine, munched black bread and butter and in general led a pretty hardy existence. It was a hardy life for a youngster, but a healthy one and the lad who was to grow up into Pete Sanstol, the fighter, would need all the strength and stamina that rugged, unpampered living could give.

Under the influence of this environment, he had built the foundation of a healthy athletic body. A health that years of city life would not undermine and that some day was to hurl him to the paradise of a professional athlete—a world's championship.

Pete had been capsizing the best opposition that the rings of Europe had to offer during those days and the other side of the pond, indeed, appeared as the Promised Land. But it was really quite by accident that he happened to come over to America. Lew Burston, well-known New York authority on fistic delicatessen, was touring Europe in search of fighting talent in 1927 when he saw Sanstol at work in a Paris ring. So impressed was he by the blond's whirlwind fashion of fighting, that he immediately got in touch with him. For Mr. Burston, as was his custom, had jumped to a conclusion. It was not one of your ordinary conclusions but a definite, concrete and tangible one which he had arrived at. He immediately essayed to induce the youngster to return to America with him.

Pete was only seventeen at the time and Mr. and Mrs. Sanstol were none-to-willing to have their blond-haired boy make the trip to far-off America. However, after some argument, the Santols, pere et mere, acquiesced and young Peter prepared for the big adventure.

It was a big day for the astute Mr. Burston when arrangements were completed for Sanstol's return to America with him, but it was a much more important event for the little blond Tyke when, not overly-laden with travelling ware, he left the sea-coast village of Moi en route to Oslo and thence to the cities across the Atlantic.

\* \* \*

A WEEK at sea, and then out of the mist the giant proportions of the Statue of Liberty, rising from its massive base of Bedloe's Island, stood silhouetted against Manhattan's towering cathedrals of commerce. Truly this was Atlanta and his search for fame and fortune was at an end.

At least it seemed that way to the youngster as he surveyed New York for the first time. But he was to discover shortly

that the battle for existence was just as primordial within the shadows of Gotham's canyons as anywhere else—perhaps a little more so.

It was all very well to know that you were a pretty good fighter and all that sort of ego exiler, but it was an entirely different matter to obtain the privilege of displaying your wares before the public for a decent remuneration. The bashful youngster

who, a few years later was to earn for himself the soubriquet of the "Blond Tiger" found that out during the first year of his stay in America. During that somewhat despondent period, Sanstol was staying in the Norwegian colony of Bay Ridge in Brooklyn and the face of that fickle jade fate meanwhile seemed to be centered on Walla Walla, Mich.

After a while, however, he did get a "break" with a few four and six-round preliminary engagements. They were nothing to rave about, but they were something. Soon business began to pick up. The diminutive little Norwegian had proven his mettle by knocking out such men as Tony Abrusci and Sammy Casuto, and getting two decisions over Joe Ferrantino, and beating both Benny Tell and Nick de Salvo decisively.

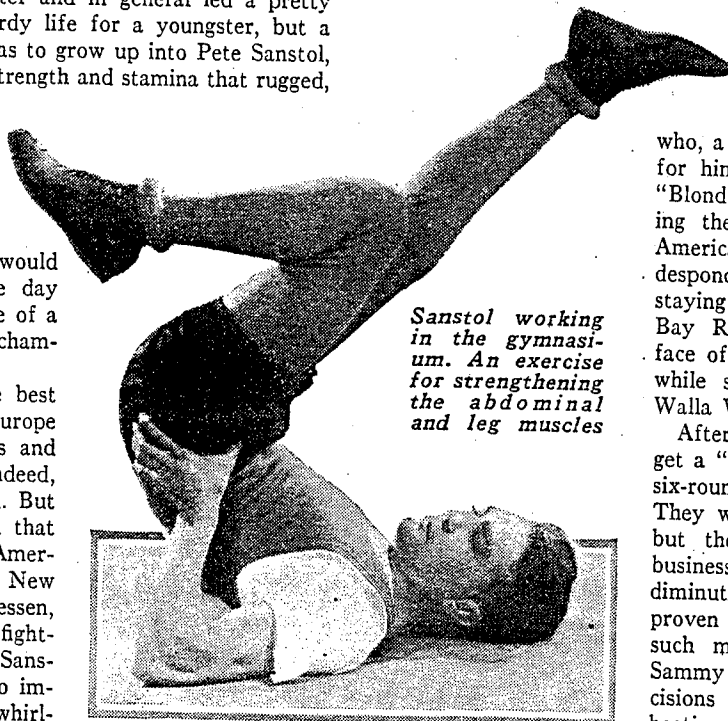
During that year, Pete won twelve bouts, knocking out two of his opponents. His only setback was an unfortunate affair in which Joe Eulo was allowed a one-round decision on a foul.

These bouts were but stepping stones, however, for the little Blond Dynamo, leading to his eventual defeat of such outstanding bantamweights as Joe Scalfaro, Dom Bernasconi, Johnny Erickson, Phil Tobias and Archie Bell. A few events transpired, however, before all this came about during which Sanstol changed his habitat from Brooklyn to Montreal and, incidentally came under new managerial reins.

\* \* \*

PETE had been going along hell bent for a title tilt in the fall of 1929 when the sombre shadow of a physical breakdown, brought on by infected tonsils, crashed his fistic hopes to earth. Discouraged at this unforeseen setback which had sapped him of his bouyant vitality, and as his contract with Burston had expired, Pete decided that a trip would do him no harm. As a result he soon found himself in Ste. Agathe des Monts, a village in the Laurentian Mountains of northern Quebec.

Skiing and skating during the early winter months and the crisp air of the northern Dominion must have agreed with him, for it was not long until he had regained his health completely. With the return of his health, the spirit (Continued on page 46)



Sanstol working in the gymnasium. An exercise for strengthening the abdominal and leg muscles

me to fight?"

"Why, you black son-of-a-gun!" I roared. "WeeLARD, eh? Don't pull that Parisian accent on me! That may be all right for the stiffs you're running around with over here but it doesn't go with me. The name is not WeeLARD but Willard, you mugg—plain American Willard."

"Very well, then, Willard," he said, chuckling. "Who is he?"

"He's a big mule skinner from Kansas," I said. "He's six feet, seven inches tall, weighs 260 pounds, has dynamite in either hand and can't be hurt."

We were interrupted by the other guests, who insisted we pay some attention to them and to the dinner and there was no more fight talk but I knew I had landed Johnson.

\* \* \*

Johnson declared he would have his car brought around and would take me out to see the town. "I'll show you some of the hot spots," he said.

"Not to-night, Jack," I said. "I just got off the boat to-day after a rotten trip, remember, and I'm ready for a night's sleep in a bed that doesn't lurch and roll. Just drive me around for a bit and then take me to my hotel."

"As you say," he said.

During our drive he stopped the car under a street light and took a sheaf of cablegrams from an inside pocket.

"I thought you'd like to see some messages I got from people back home who knew you'd come over to see me."

I glanced through them hastily. They were from fight managers and promoters in New York, some of them men I had reason to think were friends of mine—that is, until I saw the messages they had sent

to Johnson in an effort to get him to refuse to sign with me.

"I don't pay any attention to that stuff," Johnson said. "I'm ready to go along with you, Jack."

Thus the match, begun in New York, was concluded under an arc light on the streets of London. The following day I had a contract drawn up and signed by Johnson in which he agreed to fight Jess Willard for the heavyweight championship of the world in a bout for any number of rounds up to forty-five, the site to be named by me later on and Johnson to receive \$50,000, win, lose or draw. And the day after that I caught a ship back to New York.

(To be continued)

*In the next installment Curley will tell how Willard won the heavyweight title.—Editor's note.*

## Bill Lang

(Continued from page 40)

a ripe old age, has been particularly interested in the series of articles in THE RING magazine on Fitzsimmons, Burns, Squires, Creedon and others with whom he was well acquainted when, all were in their prime. Of Fitzsimmons, Lang says:

"He was one of the world's greatest fighters. For his weight, there never was a fighter his equal. In punching power and ring science, he was supreme."

"When I fought him on December 27, 1909, little did I realize that Ruby Robert, as old as he then was, would still carry with him a devastating punch. It was Fitz's last fight, his farewell to the

ring, but far from his worst battle. He was dangerous up to the very time that I knocked him out in the twelfth round.

"Bob had split a wound over my left eye from which the blood flowed freely. This occurred in the twelfth round and naturally annoyed me considerably, but I was not angered. I realized, however, that the old fellow was by no means done and still was dangerous, hence I hesitated going after him to finish the affair."

"In that session I landed a right on the jaw that sent Bob down. He previously had gotten up after a count of nine."

## Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 31)

request of the state's leading sportsmen, has signed the bill which makes fifteen-round championship bouts possible and also curtails the all-night boxing programmes of the Amateur Athletic Union which hitherto have caused the downfall of many a budding boxer.

By providing the boxing commission with authority to rule on the weight of gloves used by amateur boxers and giving the commission the right to limit the number of bouts in which amateurs may compete during twenty-four hours, ama-

teur boxing in the Bay State is virtually placed under commission rule. Although I have always been opposed to having state boards interfere with the Amateur Athletic Union, after seeing the incompetency in the handling of many of the recent tournaments, I feel that such action as Massachusetts has taken to safeguard the interests of the youth of our land is a blessing.

No more will tournaments in the Bay State run from 3 o'clock in the afternoon to 3 the following morning.

"I have read accounts which say that Fitz and I were bitter enemies. That is directly contrary to the truth. We were pals and as a memento of our fight, I presented Bob with a beautiful walking stick made of the finest Australian timber and later we went to America together. I learned a lot from Fitz on the art of self-defense, especially on the proper way to deliver my punches so as to get the most telling effect."

"I like THE RING because of its accurate accounts of famous fistic encounters and because it brings back to me memories of days when fights were fights and he-men ruled the ring."

No more will boys still in their teens, be compelled to meet two or more opponents in one evening. Instead of protecting the beginners, as the Amateur Athletic Union would be expected to do, that organization has accomplished more harm than good in the development of the simon pures. New York, in particular, needs a house cleaning and such legislation as has been passed in Massachusetts, placing the control of the sport in the hands of the boxing commission, would be welcomed here.

## Pete Sanstol, "The Blond Dynamo"

(Continued from page 9)

that goes out to do combat revived within him. The lure of the prize ring was again attracting him with the irresistible pull of a powerful magnet.

While fighting in New York, Sanstol had made the acquaintance of a Montrealer, Raoul Godbout, manager of Leo (Kid) Roy, featherweight champion of Canada, and had been impressed most favorably. Why not look him up and see what could be done about a return to the ring?

The idea was but a father to its execution with the decisive Norwegian battler. And to Godbout, the suggestion of Sans-

tol's return to the fistic wars was, indeed, an amiable one. Without a moment's hesitation he took the Norseman under his wing.

A few weeks in the gym and Pete was back in the pink of condition. The first fight of his comeback attempt was billed for April at the Montreal Forum. In it he impressed the local fight fans with a seven-round knockout victory of Ollie Bartlett, of Detroit.

Since that date his fistic headquarters have been in Montreal and his pilot is still the same Raoul Godbout. It would take a pretty good-sized explosion to pry

these two inseparable friends apart to-day.

The fight with Bell which goes into Canadian fistic history as a world's championship mill, was Sanstol's masterpiece. He gave as pretty an exhibition of boxing, hard hitting and speed as ever has been seen in the Dominion, and with the victory, Pete endeared himself to the Canadians.

In every sense of the word, Sanstol looks and fights like a real champion. He is of the old type, that school that brought personal patronage to the clubs through the medium of gong-to-gong battles.



## EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

**ARMAND VINCENT** has achieved recognition as Montreal's leading fight promoter with his recent ventures and is on his way to the title of "Canada's greatest sports promoter." He staged the Pete Sanstol-Archie Bell bout, designated by the Montreal Athletic Commission for the world's bantam title, and then followed up with a local "natural" giving Art Giroux, newly crowned Canadian titleholder, a shot at Sanstol's piece of the title. Both attractions brought good houses that witnessed keen battles, some 7,000 paying to see the Bell-Sanstol affair and nearly 10,000 crowding in to witness the Sanstol-Giroux spectacle. Vincent is doing well in the way of building up the game and here's hoping he'll keep it up.

Pete Sanstol, the blond blizzard from Norway who is now a Montrealer, lived up to his name in both of his clashes with Bell and Giroux. The bout with Bell was not so much in point of drama with Petey having the best of nearly every exchange throughout the ten rounds and the tireless Norse youth had the New Yorker slowed down to a walk in the final rounds to canter off with an easy victory plus the title.

Sanstol and Giroux engaged in a fifteen-round bout, the first match of that length staged in Canada for nearly twenty years. Sanstol had little trouble with Giroux. He floored him no less than ten times. Sanstol was impressive to the extreme. He proved he has every asset but a deadly wallop, and is entitled to full credit for his present status. Giroux was a hero in defeat, however, and the way he wobbled on determinedly to finish on his feet, was a tribute to his unexpected "guts."

Harry Leibovitz looms up as the logical lad to wear the vacated Canadian 112 lb. title. He turned in two smart wins over experienced and formidable opposition and should crash into Eddie Borden's ratings before long. Harry outpunched the shifty Harry Hill, a former Canadian titleholder in six grueling rounds, and then outsmarted the slugging New York Filipino, Tommy Palacio. Between Leibovitz and Sanstol, Manager Raoul Godbout is in rare good humour these days, and why not?

Lew Farber, clever and hard hitting New York bantam, was held to a draw by Wee Willie Davies, Charleoi Welshman in the eight-round semi-windup staged after the Sanstol-Giroux bout. It was a peach of a battle and a good draw. Paul Meeteau, Gene Brosseau's clever ex-amateur champ, outboxed Eddie Saunders, heavy hitting local featherweight, in the six-round opener.

Al Foreman, British Empire Lightweight Champion, is in training as well as recuperating from an illness that has kept him inactive for seven weeks. He is rapidly returning to normal strength and stamina. Foreman's brother and manager, Harry Foreman, is expecting a match with Johnny Cuthbert or Al Brown sometime during July. Cuthbert and Brown engaged in a bout for the privilege of a match with the iron-fisted Montrealer but Brown spoiled the plans by fouling Cuthbert in the eighth. The writer is questioned every other day if Al is returning this summer and when, and what a boost the game would get locally if he did.

The front cover of this issue is adorned with a pose of Pete Sanstol, and he is worthy of a feature spot on the world's greatest sports magazine too. Fans will enjoy reading the article written about him by Elmer W. Ferguson, who is one of Canada's foremost sports writers. "Fergie" can write boxing, racing, boxing, wrestling and what not like nobody's business and is a typical newspaperman who is on the lookout for hot news and splashes it out in catchy style. He is sports editor of the "Herald," Montreal's noon daily, and makes boxing one of the features of his sheet.

## CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

**AS** we predicted in the last issue, "KID POPULARITY" and "Bat Boxing" have teamed up very strongly again and evidenced the fact in no uncertain manner, both in Toronto and Montreal. Popular Jack Corcoran, promoter and matchmaker of the Queensbury Club, arranged the best boxing card seen around Toronto for years, and featured an attraction that was the talk of the town for several days. Six thousand fans witnessed a helter-skelter ten-round slam-bang battle between Maxie Rosenbloom and Charlie Bellanger the Canadian champion, preceded by four bouts of action seldom equalled in Canada.

The last time a Canadian favorite held the front cover spot on THE RING was in September 1929, when that great puncher, Al Foreman, appeared there. THE RING had a big sale in Canada, especially Montreal, that month as the

merited. Your correspondent wrote the story on Foreman and Al has since more than lived up to everything good said of him.

The simon-pures battled in the first open-air show of the season on the M. A. A. A.'s Golden Jubilee event for which the writer was matchmaker. Those amateurs always give action and the best of the lot include Tommy Sullivan, Johnny Keller, Hal Stewart plus a few others. Supervisor Denis White guards the simon-pures.

The main attraction, at the Arena Gardens between Maxie Rosenbloom and Charlie Bellanger, saw one of the greatest fights, and we mean fights ever witnessed here, especially from the fifth to the ninth rounds, when the sturdy Canuck almost had the fans in hysterics with spectacular rallies. Rosenbloom boxed a heady battle and to our thinking won a very close bout, and received the decision, but a large number of the crowd thought otherwise, and gave a tremendous ovation, to the battlin' westerner. "Boy, that bout was a 'Lulu'!"

George Sidders, claimant to the Canadian welterweight crown, drew Ronnie Headley of Ottawa, as an opponent in the semi-windup and amazed the crowd with his accurate and sharp hitting. Sidders experienced little trouble with the Ottawa contender, as he shot a terrific left to the chin in the third.

Jimmy Travis, smart English featherweight, and Jackie Johnstone, Toronto star, gave a thrilling exhibition, with Johnstone winning. Knute Christensen, a durable Danish fighter, scored a technical knockout over Ray McIntyre, of Detroit, 5 rounds. Tommy Bland of Toronto, won a pleasing battle from Bill Hindley, formerly of England. It was a great night's sport.

Montreal also came back with a bang, and drew 10,000 wildly cheering fans for the Pete Sanstol-Archie Giroux fifteen-rounder. Sanstol gave the gallant little Frenchman a beating and won the unanimous verdict of the judges after a very interesting battle.

Toronto promoters are figuring on several big outdoor attractions for the summer. Such fighters as Mickey Walker, Battling Batolino, the featherweight champion, and Jack Kid Berg, among other celebrities, are being sought.

Jack Peppin, the Winnipeg promoter, sends word along that Quina Lee, a corking good flyweight prospect, is now boxing under his direction and wants to send him east against Steve Rocco or any of the flyweights. Lee has a good record, but it is doubtful whether Lee or any other flyweight as far as that goes, would draw here.

Laurie Peppin, claimant to the Canadian middleweight title, scored an easy win over Mike O'Day billed as the "Omaha Assassin" at Winnipeg. The "Assassin" received his "assassination" after two rounds. Steve Trojak, a heavy-weight prospect, sent Ernie Potter to Minneapolis, to the cleaners in the first round. Quina Lee popped down in front of Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, in the best battle of the card.

Since Larry Gains won over Phil Scott, his name has naturally been often mentioned in local sporting circles. Incidentally we would like to mention through this column that Gains scored a two-round knockout over Max Schmeling in a bout at Cologne, Germany in 1925. Joe Jacobs please note, that Gains was the victor.

Fighters, young and ambitious, who want to get ahead in the boxing game, are advised to get in touch with the writer, Care Queensbury Club, 2 Toronto Street, Toronto, send all particulars, records and pictures, with correspondence, together with a stamped envelope for reply. Antiquated performers, who would like to spend their declining years in this vicinity, please save your stamps, as the boxing game is on the upward trend here, and young fellows of promise who can really fight, can get some real money in Canada this season.

"On The Spot, And In The Spotlight"—Maxie Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champ, mingling with the beauties of the "Merrymakers troupe". Rosenbloom waxed funny, at the race track. . . asked Frank Bachman, his manager for \$500 to bet on a horse. Frank gave him the icy stare, . . . dropped it to a \$50 plea. . . refused again. . . Maxie came back with the crack, "world's champion eh and can't get \$50 bucks!" . . . Dave Stormont, 250 pounds of good nature, funster et al. "Don't forget the number boys". . . Playful Brown burning the midnight oil, seeking attractions for outdoors. . . Willie Morrissey, manager of Steve Rocco, scanning the boxing horizon for heavyweights in the rough. . . Jack Corcoran preparing for a busy outdoor campaign, with the "rassler" and the boxers, this enterprising young fellow believes in giving the clientele plenty for their money. . . he certainly did, when his horse "Fire Girl" . . . paid \$204 at the Woodbine track.

## WINNIPEG, CANADA SHOTS

By GEORGE WALKER

**FRANKIE BATTALIA** scored another victory, this time over Young Joe Sharkey, Chicago middleweight. This makes it seven in a row. Other results on Jack Cancilla's card follow:

Britt Gorman, Minneapolis flyweight, beat Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg; Young Stroppe, Winnipeg knocked out Kid Stauch, 7; Joe Wakeham beat Young Schofield, 5; Joe Semengh beat Pat Sheridan, 5.

At Sashmaton—Del Fontaine, Canadian middleweight champion beat Ted Moore, England, 10 rounds.

At Winnipeg's Canadian Legion show, Lawie Lippin, well-known Winnipeg middleweight stopped Mike O'Day, Omaha, in two; Quina Lee, Southern flyweight, drew with Frankie Wolfram, 10; Sammy Decosino beat Pats Sheridan, 4.

Freddie Blockridge, Dominion amateur middleweight champion, intends to turn pro and will go under the management of Jack White, tall, Jr.

If anyone in Canada by the name of Markham, who is related to Dobbs, Bisset or Perkins of Walworth, London, England, will get in touch with Ted Broadbribb of No. 47 Phelps Street, Walworth, London, England, same will be appreciated by Ted. The Markhams landed in Canada about a quarter of a century ago.

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